



SCENE—Country Police Station. Young Countryman, aspiring to become a Member of the Force, is being examined.

Inspector. "OF COURSE YOU ARE AWARE YOU 'LL HAVE A LOT OF NIGHT-WORK TO DO? YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF BEING OUT LATE, I SUPPOSE?" Countryman's Mother (breaking in). "THAT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR. HIS OLD GRANDMOTHER'S GOING ROUND WITH HIM THE FIRST TWO OR THREE NIGHTS, UNTIL HE GETS USED TO IT!"

#### THEN AND NOW.

"The besetting sin of Oxford to-day is absolute idleness."—*The Master of Pembroke.*

WHEN'ER I take my walks abroad  
I meet with scores of idle lazers  
Tricked out in inartistic, gaudy blazers.

In my young days, if any men  
Had cash to spare, they never spent it  
On blazers—blazers were not then  
Invented.

Others again, neglecting Greats,  
Are coached by hoarsely-shouting riders,  
And toil from morn till eve in eights  
On sliders.

In my young days these foolish feats  
Were never dreamed of, and we did then  
Without these fads—there were no seats  
That slid then.

From Bagley Woods to Ifley Lock  
By fields of corn and grass and clover,  
Long streams of cyclists rush, who knock  
One over.

In my young days we never ran  
Such races, nor our limbs we fractured  
On cycles—cycles were not manufactured.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DESIRED.—A satisfactory return in the Hold 'em Division of Lancashire.

#### FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"AFRAID this *magnum opus* of my nephews' is getting on dear MAX's nerves. Hope it will not create tension between the brothers. So sad. MAX seems to be chronically 'enoide' with TOMMY now—wishes he would not call him STINKER. So vulgar. Now for the letter and Part IV. of Encyclopaedia."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Sum of the fellers sed wy didnt we put in Croakey. Now fellers Maters and Aunts and Cureits and things play Croakey not fellers themselves so I sed thats rot STINKER ses Goff issent spelt Goff but Goph now I think I ort to know how to spel Goff and wen he sed look in the Dickshunry I sed shut up you yung ass (he does enoy me orfy sumtimes) Thanks for Poted Lopstir it was ripping ROPLEY droped his harepin in the tin and never found it agen I bleeve he must of swollerid it dont you Poted Lopstir is bully stuff but we have no maw left ("Doubt this") Of coarse I woodent even hint for enny maw after your jenrossty in both that and the sossidge line butt I spouse you must have an orful lot of stamse witch you dont want orl of so mite send sum in next letter to

Yours ever MAX.

Fishshing.—You put a worm on the end and sit down and wate an orful long time

then you get a bight and jerk the rod up in the air and then if thares a fish you say arhar my buty Ive got you this time but if you miss it you say odaman leest my Guyver does hes a Genral you know and all Generals say things like that wen thare enoide Sometimes you do fly fishshing but wen I did it with my Guyvers rod orl I cort was the back part of my nikkerbockers so I sed no more fly fishshing for me give me a worm and a bent pin.

Goff.—Ive never played Goff but wen we're home for the Vac my Govner often sees one of you boys mite eary my clubse for me today and then we hook it and prettend we diddint here and then he size heavly and gos orf a-loan but wunce I had to go so I know orl abowt it You hit a little ball orf the tea and if you miss it you say Ive phoozed it and if you've cort it a joly good wak you have to spend ours loking for it and then you talk a Pudder and shove the ball in a hole oh its orful rot and I dont think its a British Rooral Sport at orl stricklyspeaking but Skotch is its orrid-gin Wen 4 play its a forsum and wen 2 play its a—well I dunno but I spouse its a toosum Goff is reelly Hokey only not so intresting or ameusing ass you mayent charge inter your Adversity wen hes going to hit the ball but have to wate and luke on oh its too coldblubbed for me.

NOTICE.—Our next part will containe hunting by jove I doo knoworl abowt that.

#### IN KEW GARDENS.

I LIKE Kew—when the sun is high,  
When the sky is a dome of blue,  
When dear London is parched and dry,  
I like Kew.

There in June on a day we two  
Listened long to the treetops' sigh,  
Wandered happy the gardens through,  
Watched the river go rolling by.  
There you asked—though of course you  
knew—  
"Don't you like it?" "Oh, yes," said I,  
"I like You!"



Imaginary portrait of Master COLLINS, of Clifton, arrived at after reading the evening papers last week. Mere child's play—628 not out.



"THE DUKE'S MOTTO."

"BUT IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS TO BELONG TO OTHER NATIONS,  
HE REMAINS AN ENGLISHMAN." (*Vide "Pinafore."*)

## MORE MINISTERIAL MISSIVES.

To the Editor of the "Kölner Zeitung."  
**HOC WOHLGEBORNEH HERR,** — Mein Freund CHAMBERLAIN hat geschrieben ein Brief zu YVES GUYOT. Alle die Minister lernen die fremde Sprache. So musz ich auch schreiben ein Brief. Ich weisz nicht warum. Aber hier geht. Ihr KAISER ist ein gut Kerl weil er kein Telegram schickt. KRÜGER ganz allein kann thun nichts. Wir können smash ihn früher oder später. Mein Liebe zu den KAISER wenn Sie sehen ihn. Will er kommen zu Cowes?

Ihr treulich, SALISBURY.

To the Editor of "Il Secolo," Milan.

**ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNORE,** — Il mio amico CHAMBERLAIN a scritto una lettera al Signor YVES GUYOT. Dunque scrivo io a voi—ah no! a Lei. Perche? Non lo so! Questo KRÜGER è veramente orribile. È un awful bore in inglese. Perdonate—no, no, must use the third person singular feminine, awfully troublesome!—mi scusi il punno se non è vero è ben trovato. Noi—noi—dear me, what's "we exercise pressure"? Noi essersimo pressura. E pur non si muove. Io amo il dolce far niente, e mi bisogna bother myself con le scuole nazionale—the board schools. Io sono board. Noi tutti siamo boered. Lei capisce il punno inglese? Non lo so. Vado a dormire.

Di Vossignoria umilissimo servo,  
**DEVONSHIRE.**

To the Editor of "La Tribuna," Rome.

**DOMINE,** — Ego non possum scribere linguan italicam, sed non dubito ut vos potestis legere linguan latinam. Arma virumque cano. Id est maximi et KRÜGERUS, in accusativo recte, maximos et KRUGERUM. Vobis Italianis non omne beerus et skittlei erat in Africa septentrionale. Nos Angli in Africa meridionale sprum horribilem — a dreadful Boer—habent. Spendemus multam pecuniam, et nullus venit ex eo. Ego collecto semper magna vectigalia, sed non super tobacos qui ex civitate Bristol veniunt. Vos Italiani atque magna vectigalia habetis. Pauperi diaboli! Vale!

M. HICKS-BEACH.

To the Editor of the "Heraldo de Madrid."

**SEÑOR,** — Soy ingles, pero puedo escribir algunas palabras de la muy hermosa lengua de España. El Presidente KRÜGER no es buen hombre. Caramba! Es un viejo humbug. Can't manage any more of this to-day. Mañana perhaps Buenos dias! No doubt I ought to say "I kiss your hand!" An editor's hand! All inky, probably! However, here goes. The phrase is something like this. Baso la mano de Usted.

**ARTURO JAIME BALFOUR.**

To President Krüger.

**MINHEER,** — It's playing very low down on a fellow to make him write Dutch. French, with books of reference, is quite different. However, they all say I am the linguist of the Cabinet, so I've got to do it. Goeden morgen, mijnheer. Ik hoop dat Mevrouw KRÜGER is zeer wel. Why that's almost English. Dutch not so difficult after all. But I can't do much with this dictionary. Haven't a phrase-book. Nothing like that French one, with the proverbs. Warm weder, is het niet? Maar gij zijt koel, you are uncommonly cool. Niet goed hoewel. You'll have to climb down. Ik wensch u goede dag.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.



"IT'S US AS 'AS GOT TO PAY FOR ALL THIS, YER KNOW!'"

To Monsieur Quesney de Beaurepaire.

**MONSIEUR,** — Mon ami CHAMBERLAIN a écrit une belle lettre—c'est un bel esprit qui aime les belles lettres—à M. YVES GUYOT. Moi aussi je désire écrire une lettre. Tous les ministres deviennent philologues à force de se servir de dictionnaires, de grammaires, et de dialogues de voyage. Moi je suis le Grand Chancelier de l'Angleterre, espèce de juge. Vous aussi vous avez été juge. Mais quel juge! Cet admirable "KARL" vous a joué une bonne practical joke—plaisanterie pratique. Voilà un bel esprit! Quant à vous je n'ai jamais entendu parler d'un juge aussi imbécile. Un gendarme de village serait plus sage. Allez-vous promener. Cachez votre tête diminuée.

Allez à Bath ou Royat. Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments pas distingués du tout.

**HALSBURY.**

AT HAMPTON COURT.

At Hampton Court beneath the yews  
 The poet finds a sweet resort—  
 I rail at my evasive Muse  
 Beneath the yews at Hampton Court.  
 I smoke, and dream, and smoke again,  
 And still I find the Jade refuse  
 My stern request for some refrain  
 At Hampton Court beneath the yews.  
 Yet here is joy for man and maid,  
 Since love is sweet, if life is short;  
 And loving couples in the shade  
 Beneath the yews at Hampton—court!



## UNHAPPILY EXPRESSED.

*She (who did not know they were to meet).* "WHY, MR. BROWN, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE!"  
*He (who did).* "I CAN'T ALTOGETHER SAY THAT IT IS SO TO ME, MISS JONES!"

## APPREHENSIONS.

PURVEYOR of the last report,  
 What means the wild excited cry  
 Wherewith you labour to extort  
 The coppers of the passer-by?  
 Are Transvaal troubles at their worst?  
 (Is this the tidings you portend?)  
 And has the lowering storm-cloud burst—  
 And is it war? Nay, Heaven forefend!

Or now sad DREYFUS has at last  
 His foot in his own country set,  
 Is he, his cruel sufferings past,  
 To meet with tardy justice yet?

Or does some issue, yet undreamt,  
 Break like a bolt from cloudless skies,  
 That on you rush, unwashed, unkempt,  
 And hail us with discordant cries?

Thus as impatient we await  
 To know the truth of it, your roar  
 Grows by degrees articulate—  
 "Australian Cricket - Match! Lunch  
 Score!"

## MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.

## No. III.—HOW TO WRITE AN ANGLO-INDIAN DRAMA.

THERE has been a small "boom" in Anglo-Indian drama this season. Her Majesty's led the way with *Carnac Sahib*. *Kennington* followed with *Carlyon Sahib*. It is true that neither of these plays had a very long or successful career, but what of that? With a good recipe, failure is impossible.

It appears to be a rule of Anglo-Indian drama that all the English characters should be unmitigated ruffians. *Carlyon* poisoned the enemy's wells. *Carnac* flirted outrageously with his neighbour's wife, and wrangled with his next in command when the enemy were almost at the gates, which must have been highly detrimental to discipline. Let your hero be steeped to the lips in crime, and your Anglo-Indian drama is fairly under weigh.

There are two kinds of Anglo-Indian

drama, the pathological and the merely melodramatic. The pathological has more merit from the strictly dramatic standpoint, but melodrama runs longer.

If you decide for melodrama immense possibilities are open to you. You can have your hero besieged in a gorgeous temple, and let him quell a mutiny with a glance of his eye and a single revolver cartridge. He can carry on his flirtation with somebody else's wife in the intervals of the fray, and lead a picturesque existence amid punkahs and profanity.

If, on the other hand, pathology is your game, you will have to get up the details of obscure mental maladies, and take a hint or two from Norway. Your medical knowledge should be extensive and minute, and some acquaintance with methods of disseminating cholera and other zymotic diseases, and with the principles of operative surgery and of general therapeutics, is essential.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that a judicious blend of the pathological and the melodramatic is your best game. You might call your play *Corker Sahib*, and construct it more or less as follows:

In Act I., Colonel *Corker* and Miss *Corker*, M.D., his daughter, will be discovered in a bungalow at Fudgepore, playing with a case of surgical instruments. The Colonel will tell Mrs. *Monsoon* (the somebody else's wife of the cast) of his adventures in frontier warfare. It will be a somewhat "tall" story, in which *Corker* will narrate with pride how he murdered several inconvenient people, and put down a frontier rising by various unprofessional means. Miss *Corker* will preserve a discreet but smiling silence, and toy with an ophthalmoscope.

In Act II., *Corker Sahib* will be discovered in the Taj Mahal, being besieged by an infuriated enemy. A continuous roll of musketry will be heard without, but the intrepid *Corker* will be quite unmoved, and will devote his whole time to prosecuting his flirtation with Mrs. *Monsoon* and squabbling with the senior major, who also finds it convenient to be absent from the conflict in order to prosecute his suit with Mrs. *Monsoon*. Mr. *Monsoon* need not appear. Under these circumstances it will astonish no one that the Taj is taken, the besiegers rush in, and *Corker Sahib* and his precious friends take to their heels.

In Act III., we are back at *Corker Sahib's* bungalow in Fudgepore. *Corker* is telling his admiring followers the story of his heroic conduct at the siege. The prodigies of valour which he narrates elicit that unanimous and respectful applause which is due to the utterances of an actor-manager. Miss *Corker*, M.D., however, will show signs of restlessness, and at length, when her father, to use an expressive colloquialism, "piles it on too thick," she will explain that her father is suffering from a tumour on the brain, and that all his stories must be accepted with considerable caution. By this ingenious device the pathological element may be again introduced, a lecture on tumours may be inserted, and *Corker's* character saved. His atrocious confessions in Act I. and his atrocious conduct in Act II. will be attributed to insanity, and all will end happily.

A play constructed on these lines would be sure to attract attention, and might not improbably run a week.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Ma Mère* (SMITH, ELDER) is a terrible household fiend, who, the Vicomte JEAN DE LUZ hints, is not entirely evolved out of his gift of romance. The story purports to describe the life and experience of sons and daughters under the Second Empire. It is a very miserable state of things in which on the man's part the *dot* is, in matrimony, the chief thing. As for the girl, she often goes straight from the Convent to the arms of a man whom she has scarcely seen before she stands by his side at the altar. Indulging in the luxury of added gloom, our cheerful Vicomte lays the scene of his domestic drama in the Court of the Second Empire, at the time it was dropping like a rotten pear. If the state of things at the Tuileries and Compiegne were half as bad as they are painted in these pages (and the narrative bears the graphic impress of actuality), all my Baronite can say is, that France, under the Empire, was nearly as badly off as she has been under a succession of republican governments, culminating in one that will, through all the ages, be marked with the infamy of the plot against DREYFUS. One gleam of brightness in the sordid story is shed by the presence of the heroine, *Yvonne de Gérando*.

In a handsome volume, boldly printed on good paper, reproducing all the illustrations and maps of the first edition, Messrs. NEWNES turn out for 7s. 6d. Vol. I. of H. M. STANLEY'S *Through the Dark Continent*. It is the record of his successful endeavour to complete the work left unfinished at the death of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. The work, as my Baronite remarks, is familiar to the English-speaking race. What is novel about it is its new dress—a cheap cotton print, so to speak—and the Preface Sir HENRY contributes, reviewing the amazing changes that have taken place in the regions described in type more than twenty years ago.

The worst of going to the theatre is the disaster it brings on dinner. Even at the comparatively late hour at which plays now commence in London theatres, one must dine at an abnormal hour to be in his place when the curtain rises. To any one in search of the amusement of a good comedy, combined with the comfort of accustomed dinner, my Baronite recommends *The Lunatic at Large* (BLACKWOOD), by J. STORER CLOUSTON. It presents a succession of really comic scenes, arising in the most natural manner, pourtrayed with graphic touches that recall the movement, light, and colour of the stage. The play 's the thing, and here it is.

In *Peter Binney, Undergraduate* (BOWDEN), MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL offers us a rich store of humour and amusement. The race of fathers suffered some severe shocks both in *My Awful Dad* and in *Vice Versa*. MR. MARSHALL administers another. Imagine a parent, MR. Peter Binney, devoted to the manufacture and advertisement of chicken food, provide him (such freaks are known in Nature) with an Etonian son, a son who is a popular member of the Eton Eight and a delightful specimen of the best kind of English boy, send this son to Trinity College, Cambridge, and then let some demon inspire the puny, commercial, narrow-minded father with the malign idea of following his son to Cambridge—not as an "early father," but as an undergraduate member of the same College. The complications are endless. MR. Binney does the most terrible things, he joins the rowdy set, he is in perpetual hot water with deans, tutors, and proctors, and in the end, having become coxswain of the First Trinity crew, he is bumped by his own son, who is rowing bow in the Third Trinity Eight. MR. MARSHALL'S book is very brightly written, and his description of undergraduate life at Cambridge is exceptionally vivid and accurate.

Some one dating from Coventry, to which town he has presumably been sent by considerate friends, and where, consequently, he employs his mum moments in letter-writing, gratuitously informs the Baron that *The Wheels of Chance* is not MR. WELLS' "latest" work. May be not; but it is the latest by this amusing author that the Baron has had the pleasure of reading.

It takes the Baron's breath away! He has only just seen it, and yet its date of publication appears to have been July 1 and 'tis now July 7. Arriving late, the Baron has but time at his disposal to acknowledge its receipt, and, "in amazement lost," he greets the first volume of *The Anglo-Saxon Review, A Quarterly Miscellany* (like the Baron's bills), edited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and brought out by the enterprising JOHN LANE, of London and New York, at one guinea per volume. That it is cheap at the price is at first glance evident enough if, in a childlike and bland manner, we regard only the pictures. No time to say anything more at present. The Baron trusts that this "happy departure," as it has been styled, in quarterly literature, may be followed by equally happy returns to her ladyship and her publisher. "*C'a donne à penser*," says the gifted (with this guinea's worth) BARON DE B.-W.



## SCIENCE IN THE SLUMS.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

## HENLEY WELL BOOMED.

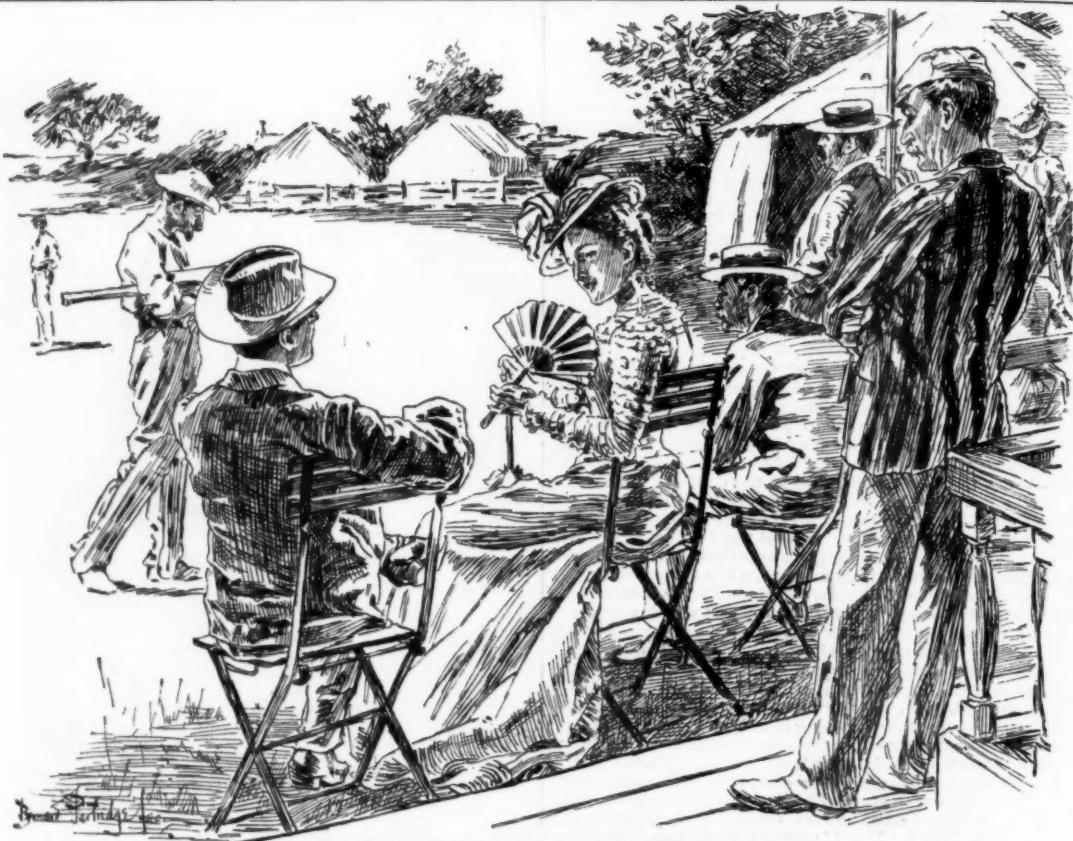
(Thanks to the Thames Conservancy.)

SMART Henley this year had its boom,  
Though 'tis always a popular show;  
Last week for a change there was room  
For the heats and the finals to row.

For the "boom" was some furlongs of log  
That kept the gay crowd in its place;  
No punt, like the Derby's perennial dog,  
Strayed into the midst of a race.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 1.—Crowded house. Big fees for author and composer (we hope); likewise "Royalties" present. PUCCINI'S opera *La Bohème*; libretto adapted from HENRI MÜRGER'S interesting romance of gay, thoughtless, and sad bohemian life; no plot to speak of, but dramatic incidents reminiscent of *Trilby*, as the earlier part of DU MAURIER'S famous novel was of *La vie de Bohème*. Signor DE LUCIA perfect as *Rodolfo*; so also MELBA as *Mimi*; both vociferously recalled at the end of the first act. Their duet compulsorily repeated. M. GILLIBERT, a comic figure in himself, immense in his *dance à la serviette*. Madame MELBA, strong dramatically, rather at the expense of vocally; for when lying supine it is difficult for a dying *prima donna* to sing at all, still less to rise to the occasion and get up to C. But Madame MELBA succeeded admirably; if sacrifice must be made, then let dramatic effect yield to vocal and musical. Not a whit behind the two first bohemians were Signor ANCONA as *Marcello*, and Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Musetta*. The music is not great, but it is very "pretty," *c'est le mot*, and when brilliantly sung, as it is by these artistes, its value is increased at the rate of *cinquante per song*. On Friday the 7th, by general popular encore, *La Bohème* was given again to another crowded and enthusiastic audience. It is the hit of the season.



## THE PLAYTHING OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

*He.* "HULLO, THERE'S SMITH OUT FOR A DUCK AGAIN!"

*She.* "DID HE EXPLAIN HOW IT WAS HE MADE NO RUNS IN HIS FIRST INNINGS?"

*He.* "WELL, YOU SEE, HE HAPPENED TO GO IN JUST WHEN JONES WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS HAT TRICK."

## DEPRECIATIONS.

## X.

THE LIBERAL FORWARD TO THE LORD OF PRETORIA.

(Suggested by "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli.")

## I.

I KNOW a Mount, so-called of Piety,  
And on the front thereof three golden  
spheres,  
Luminous as the Heliads' amber tears,  
Hang in the eye of day most obviously;  
Symbols of easy wealth for fools to win  
From sweat of hollowed earth, wrought  
ooze o' th' mine.

And graven o'er the threshold runs the  
word

Leave self-respect behind who pass within!  
The scroll they miss to read, but read the  
sign,

His lure, the Master, whose inveterate  
maw,  
Built on the model of the vulture-bird  
(None keener after carrion, scent and  
sight),

Swallows his victims, preferably raw.  
Men give him many names, not all polite;  
But most, by way of mirth, or when in  
doubt,

They dub him Uncle, and his den the  
Spout.

II.

Ah! Oom of Ooms! my Saint o' th' golden  
South!  
One smile I crave, one smile across the  
mouth,  
The mouth from which the heavenly  
hymnlets stream  
Like leaves in Vallombrosa—one large  
beam  
For me, the fair young thing that sends  
you forth  
Heart-homage from the false and fickle  
North,  
My Dopper love! my Beauty! one, one  
beam!

III.

Dear cabin-pilgrim, art thou Capeward  
bound?  
Go—mention how for that beloved's sake  
Three golden spheres as my device I take  
After his pattern; say my views are sound,  
My manner slightly forward, and my heart  
Bleeding to help at need the weaker part,  
Tremulous for the trodden under feet.  
Were he a White CZAR and his victims  
Finns,

Or else an ABDUL and his prey's address  
Thessaly or Armenia or Crete,  
He could not have my undiluted love.  
But being Anti-British, I confess  
His otherwise insufferable sins,  
Roughly described in my remarks above,

Seem acts of grace that on the senses  
strike

As being singularly Christianlike.  
And if the still small voice of holy ire  
Tickle him in the conscience, urging fight  
For what we both believe to be the  
right,

Tell him my heart is with him over there  
With what of brain, if any, I can spare.  
Say, too, I hope, if other help should fail,  
To send the usual sympathetic wire,

The kind that gave such joy to GEORGE of  
Greece.

Go, pilgrim, take this word, and bid my  
Oom

Grow yet more youthful with the years'  
increase;  
And, pilgrim, please don't let your ear  
be lent

To fellow-pilgrims in the smoking-room,  
C. RHODES, for instance, lest their voice  
prevail  
To turn your footsteps from their fair  
intent.

GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD THE FRENCH  
TRAINING-SHIP.—Emperor WILLIAM (isn't  
his name nautical, even without his  
See-usan?) wished it to be understood that  
his visit to the *Iphigénie* simply means  
that he wanted France to show him her  
french-ship.

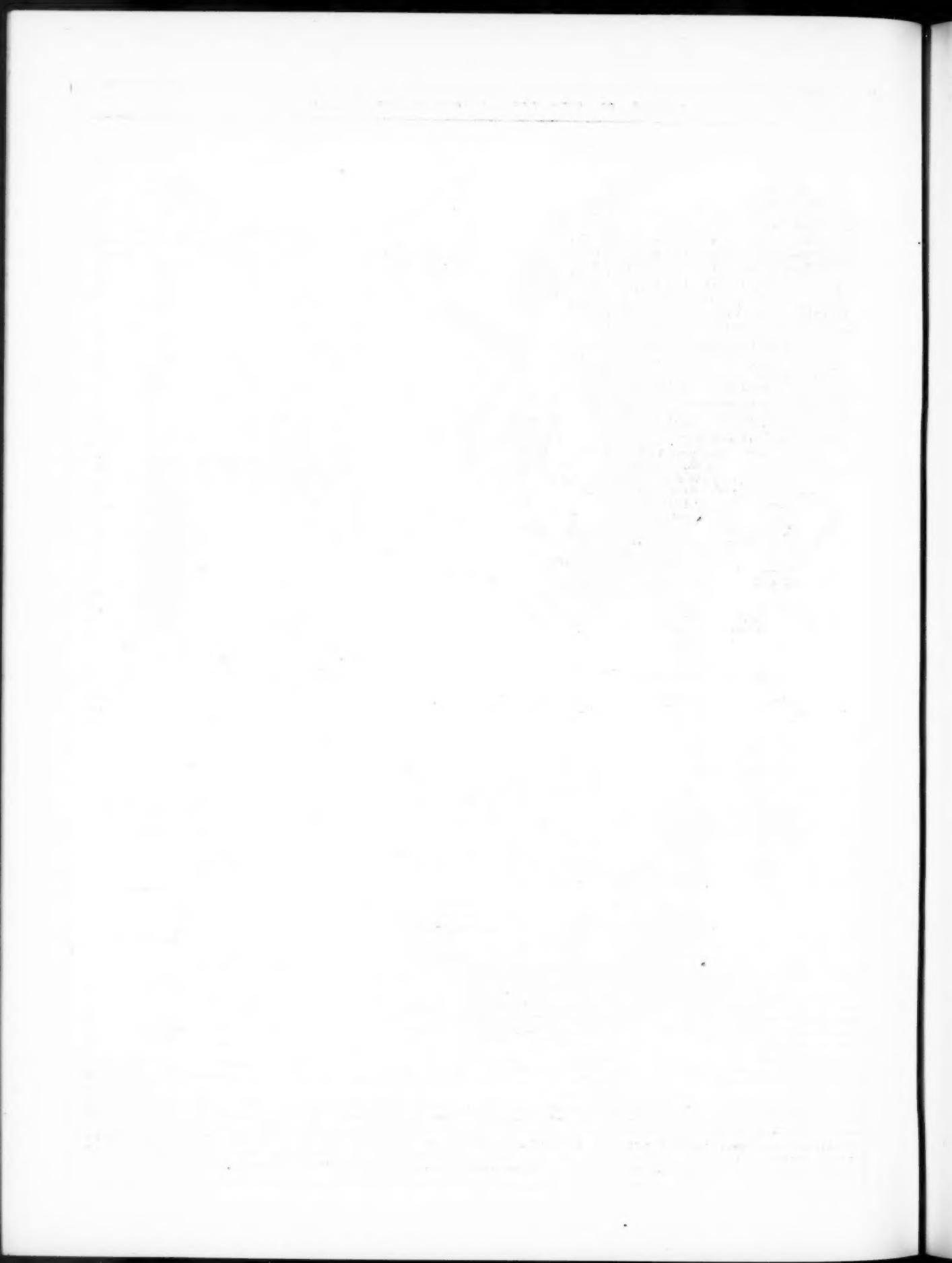


SMAINSW

### THE AMATEUR CHEMIST.

SCIENTIFIC MARKISS. "DEAR ME! I'M AFRAID I'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THERE'S SO MUCH EVAPORATION!"

[“Lord SALISBURY has or many years been an earnest student of chemistry.”—*St. James's Gazette.*]





### THE BITTERNESS OF IT.

*Wife of his Bosom.* "SOCRATIO, DEAREST, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"  
Mr. S. Welded Head (*a literary celebrity*). "AT LAST IT HAS COME AT LAST! NOT A SINGLE PARAGRAPH ABOUT ME IN ANY OF THE PAPERS THIS MORNING!"

### THE KENNELS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In the last but one number of your most excellent volume which has just ended, I find an insulting letter from a certain scribbling catawauler signing himself (or herself) "A. MOUSER, Past President of the Anti-Canine Association." Sir, brief as this feline libeller's epistle is, it contains some expressions which must rouse the ire of every patriotic Barker. There is a reference to our "ugly teeth." "Ugly teeth," indeed! As if a dog's grinders were not to be infinitely preferred to a miserable milk-swiller's! Let me appeal to the Right Hon. TORY's sense of dignity.

This letter which forms the subject of my correspondence contains a disgraceful sneer at the gross injustice which, at this present time, makes a dog's life well-nigh unbearable in the metropolis—I mean the terrible muzzling order. Is it not enough that these pests of the world, these whiskered knaves, steal our bones by day, and disturb our slumbers by night? Is it not enough that their nerve-thrilling squalls interrupt the melodious notes of my midnight serenades to the moon? Sir, were I asked what thing most represented the evil of this weary world of strife, I should without hesitation reply, "a common tabby mouser." Be it known to

you, Sir, that the canine community will never rest till that base generation of nocturnal thieves and roof-scramblers be extirpated from off the face of the earth, or till at least the hated muzzle, most evident sign of the cruelty and inhumanity of man, is transferred from the nose of the dog to the face of the cat. Meanwhile, let our battle-cry be, "*Conspuez les chats! A bas Monsieur Mouser!*"

Yours in Fidelity,

ROVER TAIL-WAGGER.

President of the Society of Anti-Muzzelionians, also Vice-President of the Anti-Feline Society.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Please, Sir," writes X-OFFICIAL, "what does 'Anti-Semitism' mean? 'Anti,' I suppose, means 'against'—except, perhaps, at the game of cards called 'Brag'—and 'tism' is the termination of a lot of things, rheumatism, criticism, sophism, and so forth. But how about 'Semi'? Where does that come in? Try it on rheumatism. What do you make of semi-rheumatism? Something unpleasant, of course. Semi-criticism: something equally unpleasant in another way. But 'Semitism'? What's half a 'tism'? I give it up. Enlighten me." "X-OFFICIAL" should read the treatise on "Wasms, Isms, and Didums," in *The Infants' Encyclopaedia*, par. x., vol. xx.

### AN EVERY NIGHT "REVUE."

Pot-Pourri at the Avenue Theatre, written by (for a wonder) only one author, Mr. JAMES T. TANNER, with "lyrics" by only one librettist, W. H. RISQUE, and set to music by a single unaided composer, NAPOLEON LAMBELET (a name highly suggestive of a most successful Anglo-French harmonious alliance as indicating the partnership of a sleeping lion and a playful lambkin), professes to be only "A Revue of 1899," though it deals with some subjects that date back to '97. It is illustrated by several very clever actors and actresses, adepts at "quick change" from one disguise to another, not always perhaps with such complete success as to defy recognition of identity. While some of the actors make only the faintest attempt at facially resembling the public characters whom they are supposed to be personating, yet in most instances they have caught "the tricks and the manners" peculiar to the persons imitated. Thus, not facially, but by mannerisms in tone and tricky movements, Mr. FARREN SOUTAR's imitations of CHARLES HAWTREY, HAYDEN COFFIN, CHARLES WYNHAM, are immediately recognised, while his "make-up" as Mr. PINERO is perfect. Mr. JOHN LE HAY, ventriloquist and entertainer, is very amusing, though in his imitation of Mr. HARE as the *Gay Lord Quee* there is little that recalls that comedian, except one or two well-known mannerisms. The ladies, however, fairly carry off the honours, for Mlle. JANE MAY, singing as YVETTE GUILBERT, and acting as SARA BERNHARDT in *Hamlet*, is admirable; shut your eyes and you are listening to SARA herself; open them and you see a near relation of SARA's. Miss MARIE DAINTON's imitations of Miss WINIFRED EMERY and MARIE TEMPEST are excellent; while her IRENE VANBRUGH as the *Manicurist* in the great scene at the Globe is very nearly an exact reproduction of the clever original. The somewhat unequal and jerky entertainment owes much of its "go" to the really admirable performance of Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE as Miss MAUDE MILLET in the *Tyranny of Tears*, as *Biggs* from *The Circus Girl*, as *La Duchesse Fortescue* (in the Questionable scene at the Globe), as *La Poupee*, but above all as "Mary, a Housemaid," in which character she sings a song which is the hit of the entire evening, compelling any number of encores with which Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE complies, going one verse better every time. This "Variety show" piece (of which the second act is far and away the brighter) mainly appeals to habitués of the theatres and halls, and a great deal of it is certain to be unintelligible to those who are unacquainted with the originals here burlesqued, but by these the songs will be appreciated. It is just the sort of entertainment where the experiment of "half-price at 9.30" all over the house (gallery excepted) might be tried with considerable chance of success. Voilà une revue qu'on peut revoir.

### STOPPED AT THE GATES.

[The Hon. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P., drove down to the House of Commons last evening in an automobile which the police on duty declined to admit into Palace-yard.] —*Daily Mail*, July 4.]

AIR.—"La Donna è Mobile."

LARGE Automobile,  
Police circumvent O  
When you are bent O

Towards House of Commons.

Constable hollering,  
Constable follering,

Constable, collaring

Motor, you'll "summons."

Off at the gate, O!

There it will wait, O!

'Tis as I state, O!

"Please to descend!"

"I'm M.P.!"

"Yes I see,

But you'll descend!"

SENSE v. FASHION.—A "pot-hat," or a straw, or a soft deer-stalker, is so much more comfortable during this tropical time in London. "Only," says Mr. PRIM, "how about appearances? In the London season, isn't a 'topper' de rigueur"? "My dear old PRIM," says CHARLIE CARELESS, "who cares what you wear? It's what you are. That's the point."



## TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

*Angler.* "HUSH! KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK! I HAD A BEAUTIFUL RISE JUST THEN. I SHALL GET ANOTHER DIRECTLY."

[He did.]

## THE RULING PASSION.

[A correspondent writes to the *Methodist Times* condemning the wicked self-indulgence of ministers who preach long sermons.—*Daily Paper.*]

All forms of vice there be—  
When drunk, to get still drunker,  
To swear, revoke, bet, gamble, tee  
Your golf-ball in a bunker;  
To fluke at billiards, beat your bride,  
Or kill your cousin-german—  
But these are venial beside  
Preaching too long a sermon.

Like drink, the vice steals day by day  
Insidiously on you,  
And still the more that you give way  
The more it grows upon you,  
And you are ever more and more  
The miserable worm on  
Which all true men should tread—the bore  
That preaches a long sermon.

But are we slaves? Can't we restrain  
This brutal self-indulgence  
That mars our age, and casts a stain  
Upon its bright effulgence?

Come! let us boldly face the bore,  
And issue forth our firman  
To boycott all who preach a more  
Than fifteen-minute sermon.

## BY A LAW STUDENT IN CHAMBERS.

Wednesday, July 5.

The days are gone when I used to seek Refreshment and fun in the Henley Week, But now all that is a thing of the past, The pace at the time was too good to last. Farewell to the straws and the flannel shirts,

Farewell to the house-boats, launches, and flirts, Farewell to champagne cups and cigarettes, To the gloves and the sweet things lost in bets; In chambers, alas, I sit and groan, Slaving, and writing, and waiting alone. On parchment and paper with pen and ink I draw the draughts that I cannot drink. I'll see if my chief is here . . . I'll try . . . He's off! To Henley? . . . hem!—Soam I!!!

## SPHERES OF INFLUENCE.

[A Speaker at the Women's Congress suggested that their male opponents should be made to suffer "some inconvenience in private life," observing that the dinner table might become a useful tool in our hands.]

PHYLLIS, when we used to woo,  
And on politics debated,  
I was Tory, dear, while you  
Woman's suffrage advocated.

Married, though with views still sound,  
I no longer would be winner  
In debate, because I found  
You revenged yourself at dinner.

Thus not arguments convince  
Me, now yielding on the question,  
But your *réchauffés* and mince,  
PHYLLIS, and my poor digestion.

## A POPULAR ORTHOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

MR. PUNCH has gathered from correspondence addressed to the papers that there are large quantities of people, apparently in the enjoyment of leisure, who are prepared to set the crooked straight. Crooked, that is, as it seems to them, and straight, in their own private opinion. He is glad to be able to direct the attention of the Press, which published their criticisms, to an institution where the real process actually goes on. It is the City Orthopaedic Hospital in Hatton Garden, re-opened the other day by H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, whose natural force, constantly shown in personal, as once in official, service of his country, seems not the least abated by advancing years. *Viresque acquirat eundo!* (slightly to modify the Mantuan) is the sincere prayer of Mr. Punch. And by a not inadmissible variation of the usual rendering he would utilise the same phrase for the case of those poor people who receive at this hospital a special treatment for deformity. That their patients may "get strength for going" is the aim of all the other surgeons, and, in particular, of Mr. E. NORBÉ SMITH, whose name is so well justified by his work. Mr. Punch is confident to believe that the debt of £6,000 could be paid off out of the purses of his own gentle and generous readers.

## AT THE ADELPHI.

Overheard at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's recent Shakspearian performance.

First Fair Spectator. Why is Hamlet so angry with his mother?

Second Fair ditto. Oh, because—it's in the play, you know. You've read Hamlet; haven't you?

First ditto ditto. Oh, yes, of course, but it was long ago, and my French was never very good.

## A New Song to an Oldham Tune.

THE WINSTON boy to the wars has gone,  
In the beaten ranks you'll find him;  
His father's gear he has girded on,  
And his MAWDSLEY's just behind him.

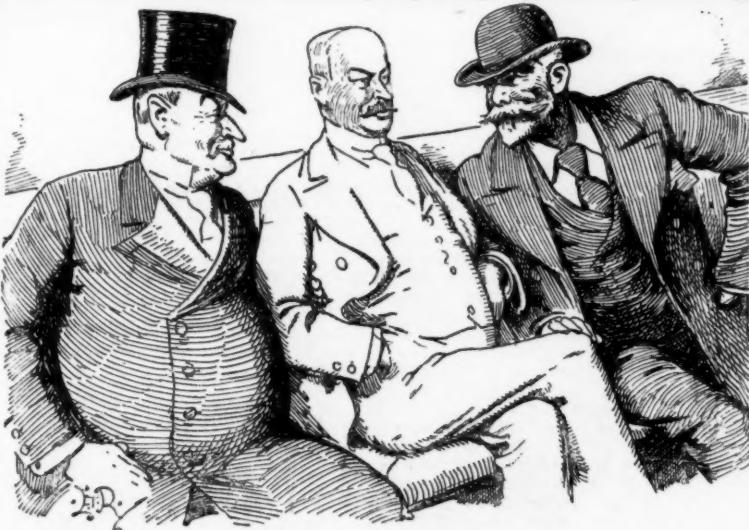
AN OLD BOOK WHICH IS NOT AT ALL A FAVOURITE WITH PRESIDENT KRÜGER.—MILNER'S *End of Controversy*.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 3.—* "One thing I like about the Opposition," said SARK, "is their regular habits. They don't worry you with wondering what they will do in certain circumstances. When, just now, their Leader was on his legs making the almost commonplace remark that till the promised papers about the Niger Territory deal are out he would defer passing judgment on the transaction, I whispered to PRINCE ARTHUR, 'There goes an hour of your time and at least a couple of divisions.' I was wrong. They kept it up below the gangway for two hours, and took three divisions. It's not that they don't like CAWMELL-BANNERMAN personally, or that they think he does not manage very well as a Leader. The contrary is the fact in both cases. But gentlemen below the gangway are born with instinctive impulse each man to be his own Leader. The only way the Centurion would have got along with them would have been to reverse his word of command. When he wanted a Radical to come he would have said 'Go,' and when he desired to relieve himself of his presence he would have said 'Come,' and he goeth. The Leader of the Opposition can't very well adopt that plan, though to outward appearance it comes to the same thing. For as sure as ever he counsels a particular line of action, the battalion below the gangway slope arms and march away in the opposite direction."

It was CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES who was responsible for to-night's performance. Possibly gentlemen below gangway opposite might, for once, have followed their Leader. But the CAP'EN was irresistible. It was like to a class of good little boys at school attentive to the counsel of teacher. To them enters a bold bad boy from



WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER;

Or, "Out of the Frying Pan into—etc."

Mr. C-rt-n-y W-rn-r, and Mr. J-hn B-rns endeavour to make Mr. Wh-t-l-y feel thoroughly at home in his new quarters.

the street, who makes faces at teacher, | inopportunely observes "Yah!" and gradually works upon the strain of original sin in the class till they are all in revolt. So when the CAP'EN moved to report progress because, as he said, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had not fully entered up the log, the Radicals, unmindful of their Leader's injunction, joined in; growing momentarily more excited, kept the ball a rolling for two merry hours.

It was fun for them, but it seems to be death for the system of parliamentary Leadership.

**Business done.**—Niger Territory taken over.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—The LORD CHANCELLOR really doesn't know what we're coming to. Only last week, in debate on alderwomen, he had to take the MARKISS seriously to task. Now it is DEVONSHIRE, of all other persons in the world, who is breaking out. Last night, pressed for reasons for the creation of Greater Westminster, the DOOK pleaded sentiment. The DOOK's remarks on this point were in prose; the idea has, by an earlier hand, been set in deathless verse. The DOOK doubtless thinking of it when he spoke.

"I sit with my feet in a brook,  
And if any one asks me for why,  
I hit him a rap with my crook,  
'Tis sentiment kills me, says I."

That bad enough for one week. To-night, on report stage of this same London Government Bill, the DOOK gets up and volunteers to accept an amendment moved by that other swain, the belated Earl of PORTSMOUTH, exempting members of borough councils from service on all juries.

Every hair on full-bottomed wig of LORD CHANCELLOR uprose in consternation. A sight that made the stoutest heart quail. "Surprised, astonished, d—founded," LORD CHANCELLOR gasped. The DOOK yawned.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said.  
"Say no more about it."

They didn't, but House felt that LORD CHANCELLOR had saved the State.

**Business done.**—Lords passed London Government Bill through final stage, albeit shorn of the grace of alderwomen.

**Thursday.**—House emptied after division that blasted the hopes of prospective alderwomen. Debate resumed on Military Works Bill. BUCHANAN discoursed at length. Might as well have continued his observations on the history of MARY, Queen of Scots for all the attention he aroused. When he made an end of speaking, up got the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Not much seen about the House just now. PRINCE ARTHUR, sharing Treasury Bench with GEORGE WYNNDHAM, started.

Soon evident the SQUIRE meant business and mischief. Harked back to old charges of financial heresy, to complaints of supplementary estimates for millions sprung upon House, when it was understood financial scheme of the year was completed. Was a time when these pained reproaches, these solemn warnings might be disregarded. Things different now, with the shoe pinching at the Treasury, with revolt in the camp, and reverses at the polling booth.

ST. MICHAEL, fearing no evil, had returned to his room. Scouts hastily despatched to bring him back. He came in walking delicately, knowing, when he saw the SQUIRE on his legs, that some one was being hewed in pieces before the SPEAKER. "Nothing about the Tithes Bill, I hope?" he whispered to PRINCE ARTHUR, "for, of course, you know I can't—"

Reassured on that point, he made brief reply and House relapsed into state approaching coma.

**Business done.**—The Lords, having smothered DESDEMONA ALDERWOMAN with DUNRAVEN'S pillow, the Commons meekly acquiesce.

**Friday.**—Some time ago House hugely amused at what it pleased to regard as a bull bred by that eminent agriculturist



THE GREAT PERIL!

BEFORE WHICH BOTH HOUNDS QUAIL.  
(After a sketch by Mr. Birrell.)



IN THE ROW.

"SEE THAT OLD CHAP THERE—ON THE COB! WELL, HE'S WORTH A MILLION OF MONEY. THOSE GIRLS ARE MAKING UP TO HIM."

"indeed! BUT THE GIRLS THEMSELVES ARE WORTH MAKING UP TO—BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT A MILLION BETWEEN THEM!"

HART-DYKE. Talking about JEMMY LOWTHER's indictment of the LORD CHANCELLOR for having committed a breach of privilege by taking part in election proceedings, H.-D. observed that his right hon. friend had climbed to the top of the tree and caught a very big fish.

"Haw, haw," members laughed. Fish never climb up a tree; *Argal*, they can't be caught at the top.

But they don't know everything down in the Judee by Westminster Clock. Member for Sark, who has just come in from a visit to the Zoological Gardens, tells me of a fish he saw there, a recent addition to the treasures of the pools. It is the Indian climbing fish, *Anabas* the learned call it. Is found in the rivers and estua-

ries of India, Ceylon and Burma. When it gets awary of the monotony of water it just lands, shakes its fins, climbs the nearest tree and takes a look round. It does not resemble the LORD CHANCELLOR in other respects than that it has an engaging countenance and slightly waddles in its walk. But it was certainly the *Anabas* HART-DYKE was thinking of when he made his famous point.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHOM IT CONCERN.—Why is it difficult for any black-and-white artist to make a likeness of Mr. Punch's Editor? Why? Because he is not to be easily "drawn."

#### PULPITOLOGY.

[“According to an advertisement of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, ‘Dean FARRAR is one of the most eloquent of pulpitologers.’”—*The Globe*.]

THOUGH not omniscient, I've read

As much as most. At college I  
Assiduously crammed my head

With every kind of ology.  
But neither Don nor stocking blue  
Have I e'er come across that knew  
A fraction more than I or you  
Of this same pulpitolgy.

What is its meaning? Does it teach  
An eloquence volcanic? A  
Resistless charm? A power to preach  
With magic Honeymania? A  
Strange force that draws the sixpence shy  
Into the plate? I know not, I,  
Nor any, save perhaps the *Cyclopedia Britannica*.

Of things obscure I'm loth to teach,  
Yet of my little knowledge, I  
Would venture to explain this breah  
Of laws of etymology.  
Signs of the *Times* are clear enough  
In this sesquipedalian stuff—  
*The Times* that have a book to puff,  
And hence this pulpitolgy.

#### LEGALISED PROVERBS.

WHERE there's a will there's a law suit.  
The successful lawyer is a man of actions.  
Look before you leap into litigation.  
The wise man keeps his own counsel,  
and the wise counsel keeps his own man.  
Many a muddle makes a muckle for the  
lawyers.

No suit lasts longer than a suit in  
chancery.

A conveyancer is never afraid of drafts.  
A brief in the hand is worth two in a  
solicitor's office.

'Tis better to have fought and lost than  
to have had no case at all.

Little plaintiffs have large fears.  
The good solicitor is known by his good  
deeds.

Two heads, a leader and a junior, are  
better than one.



"How Grey your Hair's getting, dear! It used to be such a pretty Black."

"Yea, dear, and how Red yours has got! It used to be a pretty Black, too!"